

ENGLAND's DOOM;

K

As debated in a *Junto* of

Infernal Spirits:

Detected and Opposed by

MICHAEL and The Holy ANGELS.

A

P O E M.

W H E R E I N

The Notorious Increase of *Atheism*, *Immorality*, and *Profaneness*, and especially the accursed Heresy of *Socinus*, as the Cause thereof, is boasted of by the Evil, and lamented by the Good Spirits.

With a Touch upon *Schism* and *Witchcraft*. Begun in the Year 1724, and continued Occasionally.

Perilous Times are come.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere Causas.

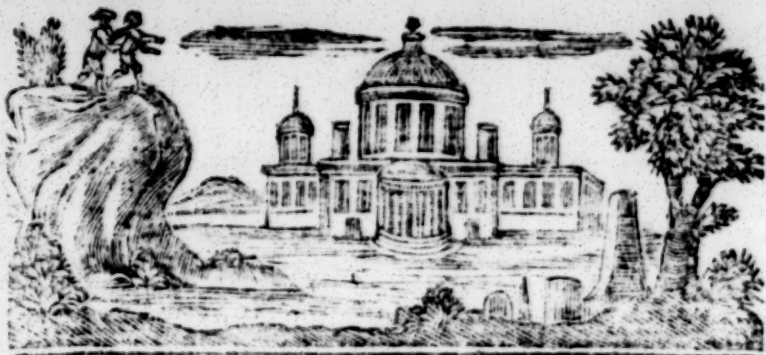
L O N D O N:

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THE Hurry in which this Piece was printed, and the Author's Absence whilst it was working off, occasioned many Errors, the most material of which are corrected with a Pen throughout the whole Impression.





ENGLAND'S DOOM.

A

P O E M.

C A N T O I.

*SCENE Pandemonium. Satan and Belial with
the Infernal Spirits in Council.*

Satan speaks.



THUS far, with Arms triumphant, have
we gain'd,
His Godhead baffl'd, and our Ground
maintain'd.

Waterland write on : — there is no Fear

While C—k and Wh—on dauntless persevere

B

Con-

~~Confused~~^{ted,} not confounded, they go on,
 And bravely keep th' Advantage they have won.
 Our Interest, which screens them from the Law,
 Is Victory, ——— and ratifies their Cause.

The glorious Prospect which this Scene affords
 Brings to my Mind what * *Prophecy* records,
 That, after long Restraint and slavish Chain,
 We *for a Season* shall be loos'd again.

Now, Now's the Time: the curs'd and galling Bands
Civil and Canon, which confin'd our Hands,
 Are now relax'd: those Chords, by gentle Friends
 (Such Moderation Hell itself commends!)

Are kindly slacken'd, which our Conqueror,
 Who, by his fatal Dying, curb'd our Pow'r,
 Impos'd resistless, and made strong our Chain,
 That He and His *a Thousand Years* might reign.
 The thousand Years are past; we feel and find
 For once a Truth accomplish'd *to our Mind*.

Sweet Liberty, tho' late, returns again:
 Burst are our Fetters, loosen'd is our Chain.

* *Rev. xx. 3.*

Courage, my Friends, Companions of my Woe,
Be now Partakers of my Triumph too.

Improve the Freedom, which you now possess;
No Time was e'er so favourable as *This*,
To exert your Vigour, and expect Success.

Long were we forc'd to keep ourselves conceal'd,
To act in Mask, our Plots and Actions veil'd;
To walk in Darknets and thick Shades of Night,
Nor durst appear but as the *Sons of Light*;
To put on forc'd, involunt'ry Constraint,
To seem *God's Friends*, and counterfeit the *Saint*.
How oft have We, in curs'd *Religion's* Dress,
Out-done the greatest *Saints* in Holiness!
With *Puritanic* Zeal and lift up Eyes,
From Truth and Virtue bore away the Prize!
As *Rites* and harmless *Ceremonies* first
Our squeamish Consciences conceiv'd Disgust;
So nicely Tender, fear of trespassing,
They could'nt digest the most Indiff'rent Thing.

The

The *Gross* and *Surplice* rais'd a Godly Spleen :
 " 'Mong Saints no idle Trinkets should be seen. "
 'Gainst *Popery*, our Friend and old Ally,
 Stoutly we rail'd, and talk'd incessantly :
 Popish the *Bishops* — " not to be endur'd "
 The *Churches* Popish — " to be purg'd and cur'd ! "
 Popish the *Creeds* and *Pater noster* too :
 " What have the *Saints* with such stiff *Forms* to do ?
 " Let Children learn to *Think* and *Pray* by rote ;
 " The Perfect are *Adopts*, and need them not. "
 In this vile Drudgery of *Whine* and *Cant*
 Long Time and Toil, but not in vain, we spent ;
 This Master-piece accomplish'd mighty Things ;
 The best Church ruin'd, and the best of Kings.

But what promotes th' Infernal Kingdom most,
 And bids the fairest for our Empire lost,
 Is *Arrius* reviv'd — This too we owe
 To pious Zealots Hypocritic Show.
 Long had our dear Son *Arrius* been suppress'd,
 His Tenets battl'd, and his Party ceas'd ;

By Truth's superior Forces put to rout,
 His Sect exploded, and his Name put out ;
 Till by *Socinus* we our Cause reviv'd,
 In Him once more We and our *Arrius* liv'd.
 He, with the Help of Saints, from Lake *Leman*,
 Renew'd the brave Attack on their God-Man.
 Boldly, in *Words*, his Deity, defy'd ;
 While OTHERS *practis'd* what their *Words* deny'd.
 His God-head *These* in ample Form confess'd ,
 Much Zeal pretended, and much Love profess'd :
 A thousand Times a Day they styl'd Him LORD ;
 But could not bear his NAME should be ador'd.
 That NAME, which We, with *Trembling*, must revere,
 This harden'd Crew without Emotion hear
 Of awful Worship, or Religious Fear. }
 Tho' all the Pow'rs *Above*, and We *below*,
 (We with Reluctance, They with Pleasure) bow ;
 Tho' all Things else in Heav'n and Earth agree
 To pay Him Homage, and to *bend the Knee* ;
 These stiff Pretenders glory in their Shame,
 And scorn to worship his tremendous NAME.

“ *Beare* .

" *Bow at his Name?* — 'tis flat Idolatry:

" Well reason'd! — From such Premises you see

" The Inference is plain — No Deity. "

Whatever *bore his Name*, this hopeful Race
With furious Zeal attempted to efface.
The sacred Signature *these Saints* detest,
Which venerable Custom had impress'd:
His *Day*, his *Church*, his *Supper*, and his *Pray'r*
No longer must their Lord's Inscription wear:
Their *Christian* Style must cease to be in use
For *Jewish Sabbath*, *Breaking Bread*, and *Meeting-*
House.

That *Pray'r*, which all Our Forces puts to Flight,
Merely because it is a *Form*, they flight.

This Form he bade *All His* Disciples use:

Then *whose* Disciples ^{are} are they that refuse?

His *Cross* is their Aversion and Disdain,
Sinks in their Nostrils as a Thing profane.

Both Name and Thing they utterly extrude
From being the Symbol of their Brotherhood.

In this unanimous they persevere,
 Nor *Heart* nor *Forehead* shall this Impress bear.
 " Let who will wear it (say these Saints) not We,
 " Freeman and Sons put on a Livery !
 " Avaunt *all Crosses* : — 'tis idolatrous,
 " As Sheep or Servants, to set Marks on us.
 If, in their Way, Chance or their Master brings
 This Emblem of his Love and Sufferings ;
 And he with mild Entreaty bids 'em take
 The precious Load, and bear it for His Sake ;
 " Excuse us, Sir, they One and All reply ;
 " *Passive Obedience* is rank Popery.
 And none but *Tories* or some *Jacobite*
 Such Doctrine preach, or ever practise it.
 If Kings themselves expect it, howsoe'er
 Sacred their Persons and their Character,
 How they provoke us, let ^{say's} ~~all~~ Kings beware. }
 Our Maxim is *Resistance*, we confess it ;
 Our Badge a Thistle, with *Nemo impune lacessit*.

This is the Leaven, which infus'd with Skill
 In these our Agents of infernal Will,

Fitly

Fitly prepar'd, and thoroughly possess'd
 Each prejudic'd, tho' not ill meaning, Breast.
 Their Ignorance betray'd 'em to our Lure,
 And to our Service did their Arms inure.
 By Helps of such Auxiliaries as these
 We and *Socinus* triumph now with Ease.
 These sap Foundations: *he* and *his* proceed
 To Demolition, and attack the *Head*.

This hated *Ile* has long our Arms withstood,
 Since *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and her martyr'd Brood }
 Their Church reform'd; cementing with their Blood }
 The Reparations of that Breach which had
 Been long by *Papish* Superstitions made.
 Long has She stood, what She pretends to be, }
 The mighty Bulwark of Christianity, }
 A firm Defence against all *Heresy*. }
 Till *Schism* pay'd the Way by Our Address;
 Open'd once more a Prospect of Success;
 Extinguish'd Charity by fell Debate,
 And bred Contention both in Church and State.

Charity !

Charity ! our greatest Foe and Obstacle,
 That Bond of Peace, and vital Principle
 Of true Religion, which unites the Head
 To all His Members, is extinct and dead !
Victoria ! Friends ; — pursue the happy Blow,
 Enter the Breach, nor lose th' important Now.
 Behold the glorious Mischief is on Wing,
 With flying Colours, and Swords brandishing,
 Our Champions lead the Way ; their num'rous Bands,
 Like brave *Briareus* with his thousand Hands,
 Spread swift Destruction wherefoe'er they move :
 The little Flock but faint Opposers prove.

Some few indeed, and but a few there are,
 Who make a Stand with daily Tears and Pray'r.
 For Pray'rs and Tears are all the Arms they have ;
 But never shall the guilty Remnant save.
 Schools too of Charity and Innocence
 Have been a long impregnable Defence.
 Oft have we try'd, but try'd as oft in vain,
 That Body to disperse, that Pass to gain :

Michael, the Guardian of this Church and Coast,
 There rears his Tent, and heads his flaming Host :
 Myriads of Seraphims encamp around,
 Secure this Post, and guard the hallow'd Ground,
 Where Innocence and Charity are found.
 Too well we know that Force will ne'er prevail ;
 And all our Stratagems and Engines fail.
 Nor feigned Friends, nor open Enemies
 Have gain'd as yet, by Storm or by Surprise,
 This last Reserve devoted *England* hath ;
 This last Retreat of *British* Church, and Faith.

When, jealous of the Honour of her Lord,
 Justice had lately drawn her vengeful Sword,
 How ready did our eager Squadrons stand,
 Each Moment waiting for the dire Command,
 To spread Destruction o'er the guilty Land ;
 To execute on this obnoxious Isle
 The dreadful Fate of desolate *Marsaile*.
 But his long-suff'ring Patience, less intent
 To punish Guilt than save the Innocent,

In Pity to the Lambs, the harmless Few,
 Bid sheath our Swords, and spare the Guilty Crew.
 So when he Warrant sign'd to cause to bleed
 The First-born Sons of *Ham's* obdurate Seed,
 Whoe'er with Blood of *Lambs* had mark'd their Door,
 That House he bid us spare, and *pass it o'er*.

Say then, Infernal Peers, while we debate
 In secret Conclave *Britain's* guilty Fate,
 Will best an *open War*, or *covert Guile*
 Compleat *our Conquest* of this hated Isle?

He spoke. And many for an *Open War*,
 Thrice Persecution, Fire and Sword, declare,
 Desp'rate Revenge, and Battle dangerous;
 But *Belial* uprose, and ~~he~~ answer'd thus.

Right well, great Leader, has it been conceiv'd
 That *Heresy* from *Schism* is deriv'd.
 The Gates of Hell can no Impression make
 Till Civil Broils their fair *Batalia* break.

Till *Schism* sow'd the pregnant Tares of Sin,
 Poison'd the Soil, and let blind Error in,
 Vain all th' Attempts of *Heresy* have been.
 For Branches sever'd from Life's verdant Tree
 Make fittest Tools for Infidelity.
 Error in Judgment draws the passive Will,
 Bribes the Affections to approve what's Ill;
 And *Misbelief* the certain Inlet is
 To Atheism and all Impieties.
 No surer Means can Our Experience find
 To assimilate to Ours the Human Mind,
 Than first by Pride their Charity to slay,
 And by Faith's Wreck their Virtue then betray.
 When from each other they divided are
 They cannot long to their great Head adhere;
 Swiftly they fall t' Apostacy of Course,
 Devils obsequence, and grow compleatly OURS.

Thus far great Numbers (as our Prince observ'd)
 Have from the Cause of God and Virtue swerv'd.

My Sons, * the Offspring of my Influence,
 Who know no Joy, and own no God but *Sense*,
 To this great Change, which now we meditate,
 (A Change in Church as well as Change in State)
 Unanimous are all affected well;
 For Revolution is their Principle.
 All sacred Things with open Scorn they treat;
 Christ and his Church pursue with mortal Hate,
 And for no Use retain The Holy Name,
 But with Infernal Rhet'rick to blaspheme.
 How is th' Infection spread! how charm'd our Ears
 With those incessant, those inverted Pray'rs,
 While in each Street we hear the Wretches call
 For swift Damnation on their Heads to fall!
 Nor will such earnest Prayers be in vain:
 They shall, — too soon for them, their desp'rate Wish
 obtain.

And since we know our sovereign Foe's Decree
 That Man destroy'd by Man alone can be;

* Men of Pleasure.

My Sentence is, that from th' infected Mass
Of those who bear our Stamp, and have abandon'd
Grace,

A Band beform'd, a well selected Band,
Prompt to obey, and prompt to give command;
The Rake, the Poet, for our Purpose fit,
The Man of Pleasure, and the Man of Wit,
Whose ductile Minds and voluntary Quill
Shall yield a frank Obedience to our Will,
Kindly imbibe th' Impressions of our Muse,
And then industrious spread the Venom we infuse.
To grace our List, from Philosophic School
Some of the Graver Dons we may enroll:
If possible, some Learn'd Divines retain,
Some Politicians, with a num'rous Train
Of Pamphleteers, and Weekly Journalists,
Free-thinkers, Deists, and rank Atheists.
Nor will it be amiss if here and there
Some of our Heroe's *Names* a Semblance bear
To each respective Post and Character.

'Tis not enough, th' unwary to entice,
 To draw fair Colours o'er the Face of Vice,
 To lure the Mind by plausible Pretence,
 And still the noisy Cries of Conscience.
 There's still in Sin a native Turpitude,
 Scandal, Deformity, Inquietude. —
 To root out Sense of these, and quite efface
 Of ev'ry Vice the Horror and Disgrace,
 The likeliest Scheme will be some rav'nte Play:
 And for this Province who so fit as * G——y?

The next Advance will be to turn the Stream
 Of Vice and Virtue, and invert the Name;
 Vice to extol and Virtue satyrize,
 Prove the Advantage on the Side of Vice
 In Commonweal, as well as Pleasure, lies.
 No Man so proper for this grand Design
 As He whose ominous *Name* and Heart combine

Author of the *Beggar's Opera*.

Their

Their great God-Man t' oppose ; and therefore He
In Name and Practice a * *Man-Devil* be.

And while our Underlings their Wits apply
To baffle all Remains of *Modesty*,
Leud Operas and Masquerades prepare,
To pander for the Libertines, and catch th' unthink-
ing Fair ;
While soothing Poison sheds its Bane around,
Nor any 'scape without a secret Wound,
Who set their Foot on this unhallow'd Ground ;
T—d—l our faithful Slave, brave Veteran
In Satan's Cause, sworn Foe to God and Man,
Shall dip his Pen in black *Cocytus*' Stream.
Pursue our *Hobs*, our *Toland's*, *Collin's* Scheme ;
Outdo them all, and even Us excel,
If not in Spight, in bold and impious Zea' ;
Dare what we dare not do : — all Faith explode,
Deride the Word, — the Being, of a God.

* Dr. *M——l*, Author of the *Fable of the Bees*.

He Proceed impudently without Check or Shame,
 Till he, our dear Incendiary, enflame
 This hated Church and Land, and *verify his* * *Name.*

 We nam'd the *Mān*, and many more there be
 Proud of our Service, fond of Drudgery.
 If then your Sentence correspond with mine,
 Pick out the ablest for this grand Design,
 The ablest Scraps of th' Infernal Clan,
 Best vers'd in soothing and deceiving Man
 Let them, *possessing* such well chosen Men,
 Inspire their Hearts, and dictate to their Pen.
 For since we are from all our Temples driv'n,
 And once again are banish'd from our Heav'n,
 Since their *Messiah* made our *Tripods* cease,
 Proud Hearts, and busy Brains are now our Oracles.

 O could we from their *Kalendar* erase
 † The last but One of *January's* Days,
 That hateful Day, whose annual Pray'rs atone
 The Guilt and Crimes of glorious *Forty One* ;

* *Tind-all.*

† *Charles's* Martyrdom.

That Barrier down, and down almost it is,
 Soon see we should renew'd Hostilities :
 Again behold the pleasing horrid Scene,
 Behold their Church in Ruines once agen.
 It well deserves our most consummate Skill
 The trustiest Head to chuse, and most Obsequious
 Quill.

And if I may presume to recommend ;
 Be one the Name-fake of our *Arrian* Friend :
 Our * Old-Nick's-Son, our well beloved Brother,
 (A Letter only vary'd) be the other.
 Let One with Pulpit Eloquence decry
 As obsolete such Days, and thwarting Charity.
 T' other, of such a Father Genuine Son,
 Of Lies bold Forger, be by's Sire set on
 To blast the Credit of old *Clarendon*.
 While that curs'd *Book*, and that curs'd *Day* remain,
 Our good old Cause can ne'er revive again.

* O—ds—n.

Another Piece of useful Policy,
 To borrow from a farm'd Society
 We need not be affham'd; — nor blush to own
 Our Wills improv'd, and by their Skill out-done.
 No Stratagem like Theirs was ever found
 To give this hated Church a deeper Wound,
 Than, with the loudest, crying *Reformation*,
Repe — Babylonish Whore — Abomination.
 To feign'd *Invectives* rais'd against their Own,
 These stand the fairest to pull *England's* down:
 Their Foes caressing, railing at their Friends,
 With Ease they compass their destructive Ends.
 This Wise Example, this Experienc'd Rule
 Of *Romish* Art and *Jesuitic* School,
 Observe we too; nor let Disciples be,
 Our own Disciples, more *adroit* than We.
Magic and grimly *Ghosts* in Days of Yore
 Frequent we practis'd, — to display our Pow'r,
 To frighten or annoy the Human Race,
 To drive them from their God, and sue to Us for Peace.

'Tis now high Time to *change* that stale Device :
 Concealing Art is greatest Artifice.
 Recall we all Commissions of that Kind :
 Henceforth no *Philomath* our Secret find.
 Pretenders many ; — none the Art obtain :
 With to be Conjurers, — but wish in vain.
 Toss Coffee — practise to be Deaf and Dumb,
 And pick the Pockets of the Fools that come.
 Our Servants These ; — and they are willing Tis ;
 But be they not initiated in our Mysterious Rites.
 A thousand Cheats and idle Pranks they'll play
 To force a Trade, and their No-Art betray.
 Hence *Magic*, *Spectres*, shall their * Credit lose,
 And Tales of *Witchcraft* pass for fond Abuse.
 The wiser Heads, who estimate by *Sense*
 Both Works of Art and Ways of Providence,
 Contemning such Impostures, will suppose
 Our Skill as great a Forgery as those.
 These, ^{threwdly} judging, what they do not *see*,
 Is all a Fiction, and can never be,

* ~~These, ^{threwdly} judging, what they do not see, Is all a Fiction, and can never be,~~

Will laugh at Us, as they these Pranks deride ;
 Nor shall it grieve us to be *thus* deny'd.
 Let Him, who rules the Heav'n and Earth complain
 Of *Unbelief* in his own ransom'd Train ;
 Our Cause shall thrive and find more sure Success
 The more We're banter'd, and *believ'd* the less.
 While He enjoins his Articles of *Faith*,
 And damns the Soul that no right ~~Devotion~~ ^{Credence} hath,
 Our Discipline and easier System be
 From such old formal Obligations free.
 Be all our Subjects *Free* to *Think* and *Do*
 Whate'er they fancy, — so it be not *True*.
 Henceforth a Dispensation be allow'd
 To mock our Power, and our Name explode,
 Content to be deny'd, so they deny a God.
 For this, a Certain Sequel I conceive,
 Who fears no *Devil*, will no *God* believe.

He spoke, and there ensu'd a gen'ral Hum,^x
 Each flew to his appointed *Task*, to hasten *England's*
 Doom.

* *Aulus Lantab.*

CANTO



C A N T O II.

MICHAEL *and the Heavenly Host, Guardians*
of England, observing them.

WHILE these Infernal Fiends in close Divan
 See plotting fell Despight to God and Man,
Michael the Prince observ'd with watchful Eye,
 And thus bespake th' assembled Hierarchy.

Ye faithful Servants of Divine Command,
 Once Fellow Victors of yon Rebel Band,
 Now Fellow Guardians of this Church and Land,
 Behold those Furies, with what desp'rate Rage
 Do they 'gainst God, and 'gainst his Church ^{rist} engage!
 With what malicious Triumph do they boast
 Of late Success against th' angelick Host!
 Tho' vers'd in Lies, when they *delude Mankind*,
 Too true alas! too true their Boasts we find.

Retiring,

Retiring, not repuls'd, with Grief we yield
 To their accursed Pow'rs the *Open* Field :
 So many Stations have we lost of late :
 Since this small * Fort remains our last Retreat.

Not that our Strength, or that our Vigour fails ;
 Nor that our Foe's *superior Force* prevails ;
 Loud crying *Sins* of this unhappy Ile
 Retrain our Hands, and give our Arms the foil.
 These are their Darts, to these their Strength they
 owe ;

To these are due the Triumphs of the Foe.
 For so has our Almighty King decreed,
 That either Side in Prowess shall exceed ;
 That either Host Angelick shall prevail,
 As Man takes Part and turns th' alternate Scale.
 On this depends the Issue of the Day,
 And as Man favours, We succeed or They.
 Nor may such strange and seeming wrong Events
 Impeach the Wisdom of Omnipotence :

* *Charity-Schools*, 

For Man is made (so did our God ordain)
 Of this low World the Lord and Sovereign :
 We, his appointed Ministers, attend
 To serve, to aid, to counsel, or defend.
 But as Free-Will is absolute to All,
 Grace but a Gift, and that Conditional ;
 'Tis by His Will, and by His Choice alone,
 That Man is render'd Happy or Undone.
 And as the First, who represented All,
 Involv'd the Whole in the same Guilty Fall,
 So when the Heads of States and Churches err,
 Desert Religion's Cause and Vice prefer ;
 The Ruler's Crime proves Epidemical :
 Justice Divine extends The Guilt to All,
 And in th' obnoxious Heads the tainted Members
 fall.

When *Clark's* Belief outvotes th' Apostles Creed,
 And Infidelity by Law's decreed ;
 When Zeal for Virtue and for Churches fails,
 And *H——y's* Scheme o'er Hierarchy prevails ;

—————

When

When Atheists, Deists, Christ and ^{his} Church defy,
 And B——'s have not Courage to reply ;
 When solemn TEST of UNIFORMITY
 (Avert it Heaven !) shall rescinded be ;
 When from the Kalendar their Foes craze
 * The last but One of *January's* Days ;
 When impious Clamours banish ev'ry Youth
 From these † Abodes of Innocence and Truth ;
 And silenc'd all *their* Pray'rs for Church and Crown,
 (Those strongest Advocates at Mercy's Throne.)
 Then farewell *Albion* : thy dread Fate draws on ;
 Thy Guard, this Host Cœlestial, must be gone,
 Leave thee thy Folly and thy Guilt to rue,
 Leave thee to Mercy of yon Hellish Crew,
 Who long with Thirst insatiable have stood
 Again t' embroe their Malice in thy Blood.

He ceas'd ; and *Abdiel*, Seraph high renown'd,
 'Abdiel among the Faithless Faithful found,

* Pious King *Charles's* Martyrdom. † Charity Schools.

When *Lucifer* in Heav'n Rebellion mov'd,
 Who singly flood his Ground, and Loyal prov'd,
 Uprising from his Seat, thus 'gan to speak,
 Honour Caelestial glowing in his Cheek.

Immortal Chiefs, since first I fled to you,
 Single Defserter from yon Rebel Crew,
 The pleasing Task our King to me assigns,
 Is ministring to Men of Upright Minds.
 To Others of you he commits the Care
 Of mighty Empires, and the Events of War;
 To hold the Reins of Pow'r in Church and State,
 And rule this World by Sway subordinate.
 The Office that his Grace allots to Me,
 Is to be Patron of Fidelity;
 To guard the Seat of Dignity and Trust,
 Raise modest Merit, and uphold the Just;
 Give Honest Hearts a due proportion'd Zeal
 T' abhor what's *ill*, and dare the Thing that's *well*.

E'er since the Light of Reformation shin'd
 On this fair Isle, my Station is assign'd,

My Province Here — to guard the Faithful Ones,
 Her Mitred Fathers, and their genuine Sons.
 Twice has her Church the fiery Tryal stood ;
 Twice kept her Ground, resisting unto Blood :
 Nor *Romish* Fury, in her Infant Age,
 Nor fiercer Zeal of *Puritanic* Rage,
 Could e'er prevail. — Nor ever shall succeed,
 For so has Fate (God's Word ~~is~~ ^{is} Fate) decreed.
 No Pow'rs shall e'er, (tho' Men and Devils join,)
 The firm Foundations shake or undermine.
 Van all their Efforts, vain th' Attempts of Hell,
 Till she betray Herself by *Want of Zeal*.
 Th' Almighty nauseates all *Indifference*,
 For Want of Love is Want of Life and Sense.
 With him no Deadness can consistent be :
 " God of the Living, not the Dead is He. "
 In former Conflicts the Victorious prov'd,
 And greatly conquer'd as she greatly lov'd.
 In all her Martyr'd Chiefs, the Tragic Scene
 Of *Golgotha* was acted o'er agen :
 Her Heads on Earth, conform to Him on high,
 Submitted bravely *for* their Church to Die.

For so her *Laud*, and so her *Crammer* fell,
 Names precious still in *British* Chronicle.
 And Deaths, so dear in their great Master's Sight,
 Not only for A Crown Divinely Bright,
 Exchang'd their envy'd Mitre ; but restor'd
 (In Imitation of Their Suff'ring Lord)
 This Church, His Fav'rite Object of Defence,
 To its first Splendour and Magnificence.
 So fell the Royal *Charles*, the Just, the Good ;
 So chose to sacrifice his Crown, his Blood,
 To save this Church and to defend his Land
 From *Schism's* tainted Breath, and *Rebel* Hand.
 Which of you All, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, have seen,
 Since first the Christian *Age* did begin,
 Which of Us all the Hist'ry can relate
 Of *Martyr* so illustriously Great ?
 A Martyr'd KING, and Martyr'd by his Own,
 No Time has seen, nor Place has ever known,
 Except *Great Britain's King*, and GOD'S *Eternal SON* !
Great Britain's King ! a noble Parallel,
 Who, for his Master, like his Master fell !

The glorious Pattern fir'd each *honest* Heart,
 Boldly the Cause of Justice to assert ;
 Bravely withstand the Cant of Anarchy,
 Or with their Church and King as bravely Die.*

Ah ! where is now that Holy Ardour flown ;
 That pious Zeal to former Ages known ?
 Will her own Children pull her Fences down ?

Ah fatal Scruple ! ah misguided Zeal !
 (When God, in Mercy to this Commonweal,
 By Change of Power chang'd her threatned Doom,
 And once more sav'd her from the Snares of Rome)
 Mistaking worldly Claims for God's own Cause,
 Hereditary Right for Heaven's Laws ;
 Thro' specious Show of Loyalty to Man,
 In Duty fail'd to Heav'n's High Sovereign ;

* " Oh Fact accurst ! what Tears has *Albion* shed ;
 " Heav'ns, what new Wounds ! and how her old have bled ?
 " She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire,
 " Her sacred Domes involv'd in rolling Fire,
 " A dreadful Series of intestine Wars,
 " Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars. "

POPE.

Whose

Whose Right o'er Kings more absolute than Theirs
 Over their Subjects, turns out or prefers.
 No Right he owns of *Nature* or of *Choice*,
 No Popular Pow'r of Settlement or Voice;
 Reserves for ever to Himself alone
 The Right to Vacate, or to fill The Throne.
 Such Revolutions have this constant End,
 To assert *his* Title, and his Church defend.
 But inadvertent to the Heav'nly View,
 * Many, too many from their Posts withdrew:
 Mistaken, yet well meaning, Shepherds fly;
 Desert their Flocks, and please the Enemy.
 For this wish'd *Rome*, the *Puritan* for this;
 Nor have their Hopes been baulk'd by the Success.
 Forsaken Folds the Boar and Wolf invade,
 And storm the Gaps, which these Deserters made.
 Tho' small the Number, who that fatal Day
 Disclaim'd Allegiance to Establish'd Sway,
 Yet great the Names who fell; deem'd Learn'd and
 Good,
 And threw a Blemish on the Rest who stood.

* The Nonjurors.

To Infamy and base Suspicion they
 The genuine Sons of Loyalty betray ;
 Again in Vogue Whig-Anarchy they bring,
 And make the Church obnoxious to her King.
 Hence Jealousy 'twixt Church and State ensue ;
 Friends are discarded, Foes carefs'd as True.
 No Revolution could but This undo !
 Hence Seats of Learning, hence the Church became
 Expos'd to popular Reproach and Shame.
 The Lukewarm Herd with lurking Atheists vie,
 To waste her Fences and to spread the Cry.
 Her Noted Foes the *Whig* and *Papaline*,
 With Force united, in her Ruin join,
 Nor slip the Opportunity to undermine.

Ab fatal Scruple ! ab mistaken Zeal,
Fatal to Church, and to the Commonwealth !

This then, ye Pow'rs Divine, my Sentence is,
 With Lenitives to heal the Church's Peace :
 Intestine Jars with all our Skill restrain,
 Its Head and Members reconcile again ;

A mutual Love and Confidence restore,
And bid curst Jealousy intrude no more.

So would the Pow'r that now fills *Britain's*

~~Throne~~

The Church's truest Sons caress; and None,
But such as are *her* Friends, esteem his Own;

Then durst not *H*——ly rave, nor *G*——n write,
With all that Rabble of infernal Night.

No more should *H*——y's Sophistry prevail
To level all th' Enclosures of her Pale;

To let in *Schism*, shake her Legal Fence,

And criticize away her TEST's tremendous Sense.

No more would Sons of *England's* Church decline

The Homage due to GEORGE and CAROLINE:

HE nursing Father, nursing Mother SHE

Would guard this Vineyard from such Insults free,

Would drive the Boar, would drive the Wolf away,

The Serpent's Brood, and ev'ry Beast of Prey;

Call sterling Merit from its humble Cell

And with the *Worthy* ev'ry Station fill.

The banish'd Virtues this would soon restore,
 And Crimes would threat the guilty Land no more!
 No more would bare-fac'd Atheism presume
 To blast her Blessings, and provoke her Doom;
 For this a Maxim ever true will be,
 Fair *England's* Realm will No Misfortune see
 While Church and State in Love and Interest agree.

F I N I S.



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